THE SPIRITUAL SONGS OF DUGALD BUCHANAN

IN ENGLISH VERSE

Blair. 86.

BUCHANAN'S

SPIRITUAL SONGS

Belgn Stewart Library
1890

DUGALD BUCHANAN'S

SPIRITUAL SONGS

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE

BY L. MACBEAN

EDINBURGH
MACLACHLAN & STEWART
BOOKSELLERS TO THE UNIVERSITY
1884

30 MY 1958

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE, ...	4
MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR, ...	5
THE GREATNESS OF GOD, ...	7
THE SKULL, ...	10
THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST, ...	21
THE DAY OF JUDGMENT, ...	33
THE DREAM, ...	55
THE HERO, ...	60
WINTER, ...	64
A PRAYER, ...	72
NOTES, ...	77

PREFATORY NOTE.

In publishing this little work, the Translator has two objects in view —on the one hand to give English readers an opportunity of studying the productions of the greatest sacred poet of a religious and poetical people, and observing how the grandest themes have impressed the mind of the Scottish Gael; and, on the other hand, to help in securing for these poems a wider field and an extended term of usefulness, by transferring them to the English tongue.

The Spiritual Songs have long been popular in the Highlands. Many editions of the original have been issued, and translations in English prose were published in 1843 and 1875. As to the title of the collection, it must be explained that, though their length seems to make them unsuitable for singing, these productions have always been known as Buchanan's "Spiritual Songs." Parts of them are occasionally sung in Gaelic, and if they were conveniently divided, certain portions might be used in English as hymns.

SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

DUGALD BUCHANAN, House-Carpenter, Schoolmaster, Catechist, and Poet, was a native of Perthshire, where he lived and laboured in the middle of last century. He was born in 1716, in the romantic district of Balquhidder, near the Trossachs. His father was a miller and farmer, and his mother an intelligent, pious woman, who unfortunately died when Dugald was but six years old. Having received the best education that the district could afford, Dugald acted for a short time as tutor in a neighbouring family, and afterwards attended classes in Stirling. Returning to his native parish at the age of seventeen, he was apprenticed to a house-carpenter, and wrought as a tradesman in various parts of the country. In his Confessions, written at a later period of life, Buchanan speaks of his youth and early manhood as a period of recklessness and ungodliness, profanity and vice, interrupted by frequent fits of remorse and earnest strivings after a better life. As he advanced in years, these inward struggles increased in intensity, until at last, partly through the words of an affectionate sister, his spirit was conducted into a region of peace. This was in his 26th year. Four years later the rebellion of 1745 broke out, and his friends and relations took up arms for Prince Charlie. They took part in the victorious march into England, and most of them were left in Carlisle to garrison that place; but when the Prince retreated into Scotland, the town was re-taken by King George's troops, and its Highland garrison tried, condemned, and put to death. Though Buchanan himself had not espoused the Jacobite cause, this cold-blooded massacre of his friends roused the old Highlander in him, and for a time not even his new-found religion could banish wild thoughts of revenge from his mind. However,

after a mental conflict that continued for years, the genius of Christianity at last prevailed, and he learned to forgive. At the age of thirty-three he married and settled down at Ardoch, the farm previously occupied by his father ; but four years later he was appointed schoolmaster of Rannoch, in the same county. In 1755 he was chosen to be a catechist in that district, and as the Parish Church was fully twenty miles away, he frequently held meetings at which he expounded the Bible. There was abundant need for his civilising influence, for owing to the evil results of an unsuccessful rebellion and other causes, the country was in a rather unruly state. In the midst of his labours as teacher and evangelist he was selected to assist in the preparation of the first edition in Scottish Gaelic of the New Testament, and it was while he resided in Edinburgh seeing that work through the press that he published his "Spiritual Songs," most of which had been composed after he went to reside in Rannoch. These do not constitute the only literary remains of the Poet. During the ten years of his life, from 1741 to 1750 inclusive, he kept a diary in which he wrote down his deepest thoughts, and especially his religious experiences. This record, which has a value of its own, was published in 1836. Buchanan published his poems in 1766, and two years later he died of a lingering fever at Rannoch in the 53rd year of his age. His remains were buried in a small Buchanan cemetery in the parish of Callander, and a monument has recently been erected to his memory in Strathyre. Our Author was a tall, black-haired man, dark-complexioned, and large-eyed. In his younger days he wore the ordinary Highland costume, but after 1745 he had, like the rest of his countrymen, to discard the kilt, and during his residence in Rannoch his usual attire consisted of knee-breeches, a blue coat, and a broad Highland bonnet.

BUCHANAN'S
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

The Greatness of God.



H, what is God, or what His name?
The angels do not know aright;
He dwells in light of dazzling flame,
Beyond the reach of thought or sight.

'Tis from Himself His being flows;
His attributes are infinite;
His uncreated powers repose
Upon His self-sustaining might.

He ne'er was young, nor shall be old;
His life through all the ages runs;
His changeless years can ne'er be told,
Or measured out, by changing suns.

When He His grace or glory shows,
Immortal day around Him springs;
High o'er the heavenly hosts it glows,
Who hide their faces with their wings.

But if in wrath He show His face,
The earth will tremble at His look,
Unwonted terrors spread through space
And ocean flee at His rebuke.

The works of nature ceaseless run
From change to change, they fade and grow ;
But all His countless acts are one,
His being knows nor ebb nor flow.

Angels and men are never far
From nought—the womb from which they came
His infinite perfections are
From all eternity the same.

When chaos heard His voice of yore,
Creation into being rose,
This globe and all its teeming store,
The heavens and all that they disclose.

Their varied excellence He viewed,
And blessed His creatures every one ;
He saw His works were very good,
And imperfection found in none.

The stars revolve, as He ordains,
Upon His palm in circles grand ;
His arm creation's weight sustains,
Held in the hollow of His hand.

Who can Thy being, Lord, contain?
That deep where reason's efforts sink;
Angels and men are shells that fain
Would all the mighty ocean drink.

Thou hast been King, O God, for aye;
Thy history has been little told;
This world is but of yesterday;
Few of Thy deeds can we behold.

The sun and all things that exist
Within its circling light, would be
From Thy vast works as little missed
As tiny drop from brimming sea.

Creation, glorious though it be,
Brings not the power of God to light,
For all His works that we can see
Give but an earnest of His might.

Our shallow minds in vain explore
This fathomless and shoreless main;
One letter of God's name is more
Than human reason can sustain.

Nought is there like Thyself among
The works which Thou of old didst frame;
Nor is there speech on human tongue,
But Thine own Word, can tell Thy name.

The Skull.



AS I sat by the side
Of a grave, I espied
A ghastly grey skull on the ground;
I mournfully scanned
Its form in my hand,
And sighed as I turned it round.

Its beauty is gone,
Of sense it has none,
To know if a man passes by;
In its jaws are no teeth,
And no tongue lies beneath,
Nor throat that can music supply;

Its cheek has no red,
And bald is its head,
Its ear cannot list to my lay,
No smell hath its nose,
No breath comes or goes,
It is wasted and hollowed away;

No light in its eye,
And no eyelids I spy,
Nor eyeballs are here to see,
But worms of the tomb
Appear in their room,
Rolling round where they used to be.

The brain in thy crust
Is all turned to dust,
And gives thee nor thoughts nor cares,
Nor longs to obtain
Its powers again,
To order its old affairs.

Thy face shows not now
Whose cranium wert thou,
If monarch or noble rich ;
Alexander the Great
Is in the same state
As his poor slave that died in a ditch.

Gravedigger, come near
And breathe in mine ear,
To whom did this skull belong,
Then ask it will I
Of its life long gone by,
Though it ne'er will reply to my song.

Say wert thou a maid
In beauty arrayed,
Whose eyes with soft brilliance shone
Were their charms as a net
That was cruelly set
For each youth that they sparkled upon ?

Of thy graces that won
Such triumphs, there's none
But is turned into loathsome disgust;
A curse on the tomb
That withered thy bloom,
And turned all thy beauty to dust!

Or say if thou wert,
A judge, both expert
And just, every cause to arrange,
Impartial and true
And courageous too,
All villanous crimes to avenge.

Or was thy justice sold
For a handful of gold?
Didst thou favour the wealthy and strong,
While the weak, helpless poor
Had still to endure
Oppression and insult and wrong?

If thou wert not true
To give sentences due,
But justice and judgment contemned,
Then certain am I
That when thou didst die,
Thou wert by God's sentence condemned.

A physician wert thou?
With health to endow,
And to heal ever sore and disease,
Speaking boastfully still
Of thy salves and thy skill,
As if death could be conquered by these.

Alas for thy skill!
It served thee but ill
When disease had thee firm in its power;
No plaster or dose
That thou couldst compose
Could keep thee from death for an hour.

Hast thou been of old
A general bold
Who hast armies to victory led?
Whose foes in affright
Were scattered in flight,
Leaving heaps of their wounded and dead?

Did thy sword falsely swerve,
Didst thou lose heart and nerve
When the forces of death drew near?
Was thy valour no shield,
That thou hadst to yield
To an army of reptiles here?

Worms bravely beset
Thy body, and get
Safe victories and spoils as well,
And thy skull is a sort
Of garrison fort
Where beetles securely dwell.

Some burrow and gnaw
At the teeth in thy jaw,
Thine ears some are tearing away,
And out of the holes
Where thine eyes lay, come shoals
That hasten thy cheeks to flay.

Wert thou one to bouse
In the tavern's carouse,
And glasses right merrily drain?
Who would not desire
A paradise higher
Than alcohol fumes in thy brain?

Did the oaths round the board
Thee music afford,
With its angry brawl and scowl?
And as shameless wert thou
As a horse or a cow,
Wallowing senseless and loathsome and foul.

Or perhaps thou wert one
All excesses to shun,
Being temperate, virtuous, and good,
Whose cravings were quelled
And in firm fetters held,
In the presence of rich dainty food.

Or a glutton, whose greed
Was longing to feed
Like a dog, without check or shame
Wert thou feeding the fires
Of insatiate desires
Till thy belly thy god became?

That belly which thou
Didst worship, is now
Filled full with brown gravel and sand;
Thy tongue has no taste,
And thy teeth firmly braced
The fetters of death command.

Or a lord of the land
Do I hold in my hand,
Whose acres were fertile and wide,
Who was generous and good,
And clothing and food
To the naked and needy supplied?

Or wert thou wont to flay
Those under thy sway,
Sore grinding their faces with rent,
And pressing them sore,
Arresting their store,
Though their need might have made thee relent?

Poor men would not dare,
With their heads bald and bare,
Pinched, pallid, and palsied with years,
In thy presence to stand
But with bonnet in hand,
Though the frost wind were piercing their ears.

But now without fear
Thy slave may come near,
Nor honour nor power thou hast.
O blest be the tomb,
That conquerer by whom
Thy sway has been broken at last

Was thine office to preach?
Didst thou warmly beseech
Thy people, in God's great name?
Didst thou turn back again,
Those who hurried amain
Blindfold into hell's fierce flame?

Or, alas! did they share
But a stepmother's care?
Was God's heritage nothing to thee?
Didst thou leave the poor flocks
To the care of the fox,
If their fleeces secured could be?

But the chief Shepherd knew
The reward that was due
On thy doings at last to bestow,
When unwillingly led
To His presence with dread
To account for thine actions below.

Or, when thou hadst breath,
Did inventions of death
And deadly designs fill thy brain?
Didst thou put them in force
Without fear or remorse,
Nor think God would judge thee again?

Was a false lying tongue
In this cavity hung,
That would talk reputations away?
That would stealthily sting,
Like a venomous thing,
Wounding hundreds of hearts every day?

That tongue is now bound,
By death without sound,
Its slanders no longer pollute;
For the worms of the tomb
Now rot in its room,
Having eaten it down to the root.

And if these were thy ways
To the end of thy days,
Nor reformed nor repented thou hast,
Thy grave must suffice
For thy brief paradise,
Till called up to be tried at the last.

As a frog, foul and black,
Crawling out of the track,
So shalt thou ascend from the pit,
To get recompense meet
At Christ's judgment seat
For the evils thou didst commit.

Then shall Justice, in gloom
Pronounce the dark doom
Which shall from His presence exclude,
And drive thee to dwell
With the devil in hell,
By the curse of thy God pursued.

Then shall God make thy bones
Hard as iron or stones,
And thy muscles as thongs of brass;
Thy flesh He'll anneal
Like an anvil of steel,
That the heat may not waste its mass.

Or wert thou a head
Where good thoughts were bred?
Wert thou virtuous, and godly, and wise?
Then, though naked to-day,
Without knowledge or sway,
Without tongue, without nostrils, or eyes;

Yet even in the grave
Be hopeful and brave;
Thou shalt rise when the trumpet shall sound,
Thy corruption will all
Drop from thee, and fall
To the worms of the burial mound.

God shall deck thee with light
And beauty, as bright
As the glorious sun of the morn;
And those dark eyes of thine
Shall as brilliantly shine
As the stars that the heavens adorn.

Thy tongue He will soon
Full sweetly attune,
To praise Him with joyful new song,
He will open thine ear
The pæans to hear
That are sung by the heavenly throng.

For when Christ shall appear
To His faithful ones here,
To gather them up to the skies,
Thou shalt hasten to meet
The approach of His feet,
As swift as a strong eagle flies.

When thou shalt ascend
He will greet thee as friend,
And show thee the love of His heart ;
Thou shalt make thine abode
In the mansions of God,
And ne'er from His fellowship part.

Thou that hearest my song,
Repent, lest ere long
Health and reason forsake thee apace ;
Thy death may be sent,
And for ever prevent
Thy entering the Portals of Grace.

The Sufferings of Christ.

THE sufferings of my Saviour
I celebrate, and sing
The birth and meek behaviour
And dying of the King.
Oh, wonder most inscrutable
That human tongue can name—
The Eternal and Immutable
A suckling Child became!

Conceived in pure virginity
By God the Spirit's might,
He deigned with His divinity
Our manhood to unite;
He took on corporeity
And flesh the WORD was made,
The mystery of Deity
In Jesus was displayed.

His birth was one of lowliness
Within a stable bare
Which He, the Lord of holiness,
With cattle had to share.
No retinue attended Him
In robes of brilliant hue,
No tender hand befriended Him
To whom all love is due.

Foes violent and vigorous
Arose and made Him flee
To Egypt, from their rigorous
And wrathful cruelty,
From Herod's animosity,
Who sought His life to spill,
And sent with vile atrocity
Each suckling child to kill.

The foxes had their hiding-place
Where they could safely rest,
The birds their own abiding-place
In tall tree-tops possessed ;
But He, whose liberality
Gave them and all things birth,
Was needing hospitality—
A fugitive on earth.

But while the Saviour graciously
Abode among mankind,
His word healed efficaciously
The ills of flesh and mind ;
He turned to health and sanity
The ailments men endured,
All sufferings of humanity
The Good Physician cured.

He gave the lame agility,
  He caused the deaf to hear,
He gave the dumb facility
  To sing with accents clear,
Removed the blind's obscurity
  And poured in light instead,
Cleansed lepers' foul impurity,
  Healed souls, and raised the dead.

The poor, 'mid toils laborious,
  Now heard the gospel strains,
And freedom, great and glorious,
  He brought to those in chains,
If in their sad adversity
  They would His truth believe,
Repent of their perversity
  And life from Him receive.

When in the desert's dreariness
  Five thousand round Him stood,
And heard Him without weariness
  Until they failed for food,
He blessed, in their anxiety,
  Five loaves and fishes twain :
They ate unto satiety,
  And much did still remain.

His word went forth victorious
And ocean's tumult quelled,
Wild storms and winds uproarious
Within His fist He held;
But all His works and mysteries,
With fulness to unfold,
Would fill more wondrous histories
Than all the world could hold

At last when He anticipates
His hour approaching fast,
He with His friends participates
In one farewell repast;
A supper rich and dignified
Their spirits to refresh,
With bread and wine that signified
His offered blood and flesh;

And this for evermore for them
An ordinance He made,
To show the woes He bore for them,
The love His death displayed,
The wondrous mediatorial
Provision He supplied;
And be a sweet memorial
Of how for them He died,

In the dark garden silently
He got that cup to drink,
Which made His being violently
In awful horror shrink :
Then boiled His veins excessively
With agony profound,
That forced His sweat oppressively,
Like blood-drops, to the ground.

He knelt and prayed with vehemency :
"Father, if it may be,
Oh, grant me in Thy clemency,
This cup may pass from me,—
But My design of saving men
I must by this fulfil ;
No favour am I craving then,
But to perform Thy will."

It was a cup of woefulness
That Jesus then received—
Earth's sins in all their awfulness,
The ills that to them cleaved ;
The endless suffering merited
By all the sons of men
He in their room inherited,
His soul endured it then.

The Devil now insidiously
In Judas' heart abode,
And made that knave perfidiously
For greed abandon God;
His Saviour, who was blessing him,
He sold to countless woes,
And with feigned kiss caressing Him
Betrayed Him to His foes.

Then was He seized, and pauselessly
His foes that round Him hemmed
Brought Him to Pilate causelessly
That He might be condemned;
That judge unrighteous gratified
Their malice, though he knew
The sentence which he ratified
Condemned the Just and True.

His gracious hands, injurious
And galling fetters wore;
His back their scourging furious
In livid masses tore;
They marred His body daringly,
And caused His wounds to stream—
That blood was shed unsparingly
That could the world redeem.

To add to His indignity
They made a crown of thorn,
With which, in mad malignity,
They crowned His head in scorn;
Driven by their blows ferocious
The thorns into Him probed;
Their spittle, foul and nauseous,
His glorious face bedaubed.

Thus crowning with inimical
And scornful hands His head,
They marshalled Him in mimical
Array of royal red;
With sceptre they provided Him,
And shouting, "Hail to Thee,
King of the Jews," derided Him,
And, mocking, bent the knee.

The heavy cross's massiveness
They forced Him now to raise,
And He in silent passiveness
Endured their conduct base;
But heart and strength were failing Him,
His veins but faintly flowed,
Fatigue and pain assailing Him,
He sank beneath the load.

He laid Him down unblenchingly
Upon that bed of pain,
Where He was stripped and wrenchingly
Stretched out with cruel strain ;
His holy frame, unflinching yet,
They fastened firm and close
With nails and hammer, clinching it
Against the fatal cross.

They raised the cross, up-bearing Him,
So that His body's weight
Upon those nails was tearing Him,
And causing tortures great,
By hands and feet suspended from
The cruel cross's beams,
While precious blood descended from
His wounds in ceaseless streams.

But though His foes' maliciousness
Contrived this death of pain,
Against their hateful viciousness
He did not once complain,—
Nay, rather interceded He
For them as Saviour true—
"Father! forgive them," pleaded He,
"They know not what they do!"

Then did God's wrath incessantly
Its vials on Him pour;
His Father's face shone pleasantly
Upon His soul no more.
"My God! my God! oh, leave me not,"
These sorrows made Him plead,
"And of Thy smile bereave Me not
In this My time of need."

Should there in equal measure pour
On angels and on men
Such vengeance and displeasure sore
As Jesus suffered then,
Swift under that infliction would
They sink to ruin down,—
One drop of Christ's affliction would
The world for ever drown.

The countless beings rational
That God of old had made,
Were round that Mount of Passion all
By His command arrayed.
To see how He abominates
All sin, and how for us
His wondrous love predominates,
That Christ should suffer thus.

The woes He bore vicariously
Thus spoke—" Ye hosts, regard ;
See sin revealed nefariously,
And see its dread reward ;
That justice never deviates,
Which I must satisfy ;
My pain it ne'er alleviates,
But claims that I must die."

That death was cursed, hideous,
A death of scorn and shame,
Of tortures long and tedious,
As tardily it came.
What horror thus to languish long,
Hanging for hours alive !
And who can tell His anguish strong
As flesh and muscle rive !

God's anger-furnace, glowing vast,
Has all His substance dried ;
His loving heart is flowing fast,
Dissolving in His side ;
Cleaves to His mouth that pleading tongue
That took His people's part ;
His life, by pain exceeding wrung,
Is ebbing from His heart.

Those eyes that once shone gloriously
A glassy aspect take,
His bosom heaves laboriously,
His heart-strings seem to break.
Methinks I see obscuredly
Beneath His crown of thorn,
That fairest face show luridly,
By pain and sorrow worn.

I see the black blood thickening
Around the cruel nails,
I mark the faint pulse sickening
As life within Him fails;
Death's hue comes down repulsively,
His peerless beauty flies;
I see Him quake convulsively,
I hear His heavy sighs.

At last approached the end to Him;
"I thirst," they heard Him call,
And they a drink extend to Him
Of vinegar and gall.
Then said He—"It is finished,"
And having loudly cried,
With parting strength diminished,
He bowed His head and died.

That cry rang through immensity,
The strongest ever heard,—
Rocks rent by its intensity,
The dead of ages stirred,
The sun became obscurity,
The forms of all things changed,
And life, in prematurity,
From nature seemed estranged.

The heavens, where endless gladness dwelt,
And happy hosts on high,
An unaccustomed sadness felt,
And let their music die,
Seeing amid contumely
Their Maker in the grave,
Death having seized Him gloomily,
Who life to all things gave.

The Day of Judgment.



HILE of this world, the greater part
Love not the Lord, nor heed His call,
Nor yet believe within their heart
That He will come as Judge of all,

In sinful sleep they love to lie
And dream of wealth of every thing,
Nor think that when they come to die
No heaven awaits them with the King.

Lord, by Thy Word, so sharp and strong,
The people to repentance turn :
And bless to every one this song,
Who will in love its lessons learn.

Lord, elevate my earthly thought,
And loose my tongue, that all abroad
I may declare, as mortal ought,
The greatness of the Day of God.

At midnight, when a slumber deep
Has over man and nature passed,
The world shall be aroused from sleep
By sound of the last trumpet's blast.

A great archangel on a cloud,
With sounding trumpet, will be seen,
Calling mankind, with accents loud,
To the last Judgment to convene.

"O! hearken all ye sons of men,
The world is now come to an end;
Ye dead, arise to life again
And see the Son of God descend."

Then at that awful trumpet sound
The hills and seas shall flee away,
The dead shall startle in the ground,
The living tremble in dismay.

This solid earth shall rend and rive
By tempest breath, before him sped;
And, like an ant-hill all alive,
The grave shall yield her countless dead.

And then shall gather hands and feet
Once buried far apart in space;
With rattling noise the bones shall meet,
And each will find its proper place.

The righteous dead shall first awake
From restful sleep, and life resume;
Their souls shall down from glory break,
And meet them at the open tomb.

They shall with joy lift up their head,
For their Deliverer is near ;
Like blossoms fair on fruit trees spread,
His likeness shall in them appear.

Within, the Holy Spirit's aid
Shall make them holy, pure, devout ;
And in Christ's righteousness arrayed
They shall be glorious without.

The wicked shall be raised up next,
Like hideous monsters from the pit ;
To meet their bodies, sore perplexed
Their souls the flames of hell shall quit.

Then shall the wretched soul complain—
"O body, which I hate and loathe !
Alas ! why didst thou rise again
To bring new torments on us both ?

"In thy foul flesh must I be pent
As in a prison-house again ?
Alas ! that e'er I did consent
To thy lewd lusts and longings vain.

"Can I not leave thee more for aye ?
Has death on thee no longer power ?
Will fire not waste thy bones away ?
Or wrath of God thy flesh devour ?"

Great men and kings shall then arise,
Who have no rule beyond the grave;
None shall their persons recognise,
From any wretch who was their slave.

And haughty men who would not deign
Before Almighty God to bow,
Oh, see them on their knees, in vain
Praying to rocks and mountains now!—

"Descend, ye mountains, on our head,
With crashing rock and rolling stone,
Destroy us from the presence dread
Of Him who sits upon the Throne."

Out of his caves of darkness thrust
The Devil comes with demon train;
He only comes because he must,
And drags behind his heavy chain.

A ruddy blush along the sky,
Like dawn of morning rising red,
Now shows that Christ Himself is nigh,
Bringing the Day of Doom and Dread.

Then like the Great King's chamber door,
The parting clouds before Him yield,
And clothed with glory evermore,
The Mighty Judge shall be revealed,

Around His head a rainbow beams,
His voice is heard like torrents loud,
His glances are like lightning gleams,
That flash through thickest thunder-cloud

The sun, that shining lamp of space,
Shall yield before His glory bright,
The dazzling brightness of His face
Shall dim and quench her borrowed light.

A robe of mourning she will take,
The moon shall glow a bloody ball,
The powers of the sky shall shake,
And all the stars of heaven fall.

Along the firmament they toss,
Like fruit on trees when tempests rise,
Falling like raindrops thick and close,
Their glory like a dead man's eyes.

On fiery chariot Christ shall ride,
With thunders rolling round His path,
Bearing His voice through heaven wide,
Rending the clouds with storm and wrath

Out from His chariot-wheels shall go
The fiery torrents of His ire,
The flaming floods shall downward flow,
And set the world around on fire.

The elements with fervent heat
Shall melt like wax in furnace glow,
The flames from hills and mountains meet,
And all the ocean boil below.

The miser mountains that withhold
Their inward wealth of shining ore,
Shall liberal streams of liquid gold
And molten treasures round them pour.

O ye that gathered gold accurst,
With lust of wealth and crime and blood,
Now quench at last your burning thirst,
And freely drink the generous flood!

And ye who gave the world your faith,
Lament it now with mournful cry,
Behold it writhe and fight with death,
As when a strong man comes to die.

Its veins that ran so cool and sweet
Along the glens in gladsome rills,
Are forced aloft by inward heat,
To boil and rage among the hills.

Behold it tremble far and near,
Till rocks are loosed and mountains shake;
Its dying sighs and groaning hear,
Its heart within it seems to break.

The azure curtain of our sphere,
Hung like a mantle o'er the earth,
Shall shrivel up and disappear
Like bark upon the burning hearth;

Dense clouds shall choke the heated air,
Black smoke in masses shall ascend;
The wasting flames shall everywhere
In ruddy ringlets curl and bend;

Around the globe shall roll in air
The voice of thunders loud and deep;
The flames shall lick the heavens bare,
As heather burns from mountains steep;

And still the fiery storm to urge
The four strong winds together haste,
And, with the might of angels, scourge
The willing flames to wilder waste!

Thus do destroying powers repeal
Thy six days' work with one accord,
But Thy dominion would not feel
The loss of thousand worlds, O Lord!

Whilst nature is dissolving thus,
And all things writhe in death's embrace,
The Judge Himself approaches us
To close in justice every case.

He shall descend from heaven's height,
With power and peerless pomp displayed,
Upon His throne of glory bright
In all His Deity arrayed.

A thousand thunders in His hand,
To blast His foes before His face,
Wait quivering for His least command,
Like hounds on leash in time of chase.

His court unnumbered angels fill,
Their eyes are fixed upon the King,
All ready to perform His will
In every place with willing wing.

O Judas! come before Him now,
And all who were like thee enticed,
All who were traitors such as thou,
For worthless trifles selling Christ.

Ye senseless ones who craved for gold
More than the bliss of Paradise,
Your foolish commerce now behold,
And ruin that before you lies!

Ye proud, who would have been ashamed
To hear Him in your homes adored,
His justice cannot now be blamed
If you are banished from the Lord.

O Herod! see the King who bore
Thine insults heaped upon His head,
Whose glory thou didst mock of yore
With mimic robe of royal red!

See Him as Judge of all the earth,
With flames as with a garment clad,
Come to reward all pious worth
And to destroy the proud and bad.

And thou, O Pilate! look and see
A change surprising and complete;
Is that the Man condemned by thee
Before thine earthly judgment-seat?

Can yonder Head, of godlike grace,
Be that which thou didst bind with thorn?
And was it on yon glorious Face
The Jews around thee spat in scorn?

Was it enough the sun on high
Refused to see their deeds abhorred?
Why did not all creation die,
When they had crucified its Lord?

He sends His angels far and wide,
To every spot beneath the skies,
To gather in from every side
The people to the Great Assize.

From east and west they hasten now,
All that have ever been alive,
As bees may swarm upon a bough
When they have risen from the hive.

Then shall a glorious angel raise
Christ's blood-stained banner, waving free,
To gather those that loved His ways
And made His sufferings their plea.

"Now gather to Me all My saints,
And let all those assembled be,
Who made, by faith and love's constraints,
A covenant of grace with Me."

Then turns the Judge with altered looks
To give His foes their sentence fit,
And He shall open all the books
Wherein the people's sins are writ;

And He shall open every heart,
So that each soul can clearly trace
All evil things that had a part
Within that desecrated place.

When they shall such a sight obtain,
God's justice they will see with shame,
Which shall consume their souls with pain,
And burn their faces like a flame.

Then sounds the trumpet loud and clear,
"Let there be neither stir nor speech,"
That great and small may plainly hear
The judgment now pronounced on each.

"Ye covetous, whose chosen part
Was in the wealth you could procure,
Who closed your ears and locked your heart
Against the pleading of the poor,

"The hungry you have never fed,
Nor clothed the naked from the cold,
Although I filled your store with bread,
And every year increased your fold;

"My heavenly bliss ye cannot taste,
Of love and truth and mercy void,
My likeness, from your souls defaced,
Condemns you now as self-destroyed.

"Ye swearers, who with impious air
Your souls to Satan's grasp consigned,
'Tis right to answer now your prayer,
Nor think the sentence is unkind.

"And ye whose tongue was like a knife,
Speaking sharp words on every theme,
With scandal, slander, spite, and strife,
And even daring to blaspheme;

"I think not sweet the hissings flung,
Ye serpents, from your loathsome lip,
Nor praises from your forked tongue,
With dew of poison on its tip!

"And ye who from My worship erred,
Who did not hold My dwellings dear,
When in My house My law ye heard,
Each hour seemed longer than a year;

"How could ye e'er enjoy above
The endless Sabbath of the Lord?
How could your souls forever love
The things your nature has abhorred?

"Ye envious, with jealous hearts,
Who find your grief in others' bliss,
Whose very soul with sorrow smarts,
When others seize the prize ye miss,

"How could you ever happy be,
If you in glory had a share,
When you would many thousands see
Above yourselves exalted there?

"If one of higher rank were seen
In all the realms of God to dwell,
Would not your envy and your spleen
Raise in God's heaven the fires of hell?

"And ye who walked in ways impure,
All that debased the marriage bed,
Who could not holiness endure,
But were by carnal passions led,

"Ye loved to burn with hot desire,
And now I have prepared you heat;
Your bed shall be of burning fire,
And folding flames your linen sheet!

"If you were brought to heaven with Me,
Like swine into a royal room,
Your souls impure would tortured be,
Your starving lusts with want consume.

"All worthy of My heavenly land,
Unto My right assemble these;
And gather to My other hand
The withered from the fruitful trees."

Thus shall He separate with care
The sheep from goats on every side,
As when upon a hillock bare
A shepherd may his flock divide.

Those on His right He shall address—
"Ye who are by My grace prepared,
Come and the Kingdom now possess,
Where endless happiness is shared.

"The gate against you closed before
My life and death have opened wide,
The spear has made for you a door,
A new free entrance in My side.

"Ye now to Paradise shall move,
With endless joy and blessings rife,
And all your sores and wounds shall prove
The virtues of the Tree of Life;

"The flaming sword that waved beneath,
When Eve and Adam sinned, has found
Deep in My heart a living sheath,
And in My blood its flames are drowned;

"Sit ye beneath her branches fair,
Her leafy screen that never fades,
And tune your tongues for praises there,
Like thrushes in the branches' shades;

"Upon her beauty feast your eyes,
From noonday heat her shade will shield,
Her fragrant leaves shall health supply,
Her fruit shall life immortal yield.

"No fruit of Paradise is now
Forbidden, all to you is free;
Eat fearlessly from every bough,
No biting serpent there shall be.

"And all your souls' desires above
Shall in your God be satisfied,
That well of mercy, truth, and love
That shall forever full abide.

"Salvation's great and wondrous plan
Search out in all its width and height,
My works through all My Kingdom scan,
With knowledge still your minds delight.

"Your wisdom, beauty, love, and joy,
Let them from age to age increase,
Let nothing e'er your souls annoy,
Let nothing e'er disturb your peace.

"No eye hath seen, no ear hath heard,
The joys I have for you in store,
Go, and the blessings there conferred
Shall tell the tale for evermore."

But to the people on His left,
He speaks with anger on His brow,—
"All ye of love to God bereft,
Depart from Me to Satan now;

"My curse shall on you still attend,
And plague your souls with sorrows dire;
Depart! and suffer without end
The torments of eternal fire."

As rent the earth to swallow those
Who went with Corah's house astray,
So shall the grave her mouth disclose
Beside them, yawning for her prey.

As that huge whale in Eastern seas
Took Jonah in its monster maw,
The Second Death shall gape for these,
And round them close its horrid jaw.

Down in the caves of horror there
Each baleful band together cleaves;
The perjured, those that kill or swear,
Drunkards, adulterers, and thieves.

Like briars bound in bundles here
They lie in chains of iron tied,
With those who were their comrades dear
Piercing like thorns into their side.

Like lion fierce that tries in vain
To burst his bonds with bleeding jaw,
Their raging teeth shall bite their chain,
But never can its iron gnaw.

The pains of death their souls surround,
Their hearts eternal woe consumes,
On seas of burning brimstone bound,
Choked with green smoke and poison fumes.

Like limpets fixed on rocky bed,
They lie on heated reefs made fast,
The boiling billows o'er their head
Driven on by God's fierce anger-blast.

When weary sleep shall close their eyes,
Despair and wrathful heat awake;
Fire and the worm that never dies
Their torments ever hotter make.

When they this hell shall occupy
And find who shall their tribute seize,
We may put down their grievous cry
In words of wretchedness like these :—

"Oh that in nothingness I lay!
Why did God bring me from its gloom?
A thousand curses on the day
My mother bore me in her womb!

"Why had I ever reason's aid,
Or was with sense and judgment crowned?
Why was I not an insect made
Or worm that grovels on the ground?

"Here through all ages must I be?
Will I not change for ever more?
Am I in dread eternity,
Swimming that sea without a shore?

"If I should count each glimmering star,
Each leaf and blade that ever grew,
All drops in ocean's store that are,
And sands that ocean's shore bestrew,

"And if for each I counted so
A thousand years had passed away,
Eternity would be as though
It had begun but yesterday.

"But, oh! can God's own mercy cease?
Will He for ever give me pain?
Will He my fetters ne'er release?
And ne'er relax my heavy chain?

"Oh! will this mouth which God ordained
To sing the praises of His name,
Be like a bellows here constrained
To blow still higher hell's green flame?

"Although my pain is past my strength,
The doom is just which I abide;
But when shall justice be at length
With all my tortures satisfied?

"Oh, wilt Thou ne'er revenged be?
Woe's me! Are nature's laws reversed?
Is this the death denounced by Thee
Against poor Adam at the first?

"Wilt Thou for ever smaller spin
My thread of life, to bear Thine ire?
Is't not enough for every sin
To bear a thousand years of fire?

"Though vengeance waste me to the end,
It will not make Thy praise more high;
Thy greatness should not care to spend
Its wrath on such a mark as I.

"Lord, by Thy power destroy me quite,
And let my soul be brought to nought;
Cast me to nothing from Thy sight,
Where is no feeling, act, or thought!

"But, oh! I suffer self-accused,
I am not wronged in any wise,
Christ freely offered, I refused,
His precious blood I did despise.

"My conscience will condemn me still,
That old reprover of my state,
Nor let me charge the Lord with ill
Or harshness for my fearful fate.

"I cast His laws behind my back,
Suppressed His witness in my breast,
Ran rapidly in ruin's track,
And closed my eyes to what was best.

"For all my sins of lust and pride
What vengeance must I not expect?
The sins that have Christ's blood defied,
And made His death of none effect.

"And yet Thine attributes divine
Must infinite for ever be,
And how can any sin of mine
Make finite grace and love in Thee?

"Oh! canst Thou cast me from Thy face
Where Thou shalt never hear me cry?
Is there in hell so dark a place
As hide me from Thy piercing eye?

"Canst Thou in blessedness complete
Hear Thy poor creature's mournful tones—
'*Father*, have pity, ease the heat
That boils the marrow in my bones!'

"Hear, O my God, my wretched prayer,
And hear the groans that tear my breast,
And for the sins I have to bear
Grant me, O Lord, this sole request—

"When I shall weep in flaming fire
Until ten thousand years go by,
Till even torturing demons tire,
Grant then, O Lord, that I may die!

"Though sad my prayer, it is not heard;
My soul shall never rest obtain,
But everlasting life, conferred
To bear for ever endless pain."

But stop, my verse, and turn away,
Thy footsteps from the pit retrace;
What words of counsel canst thou say
To keep the living from that place?

My reader, are not these things true,
That in these measures I declare?
Oh! if they are, for pardon sue
With instant penitence and prayer;

To Jesus flee without delay,
Thy sins abhor, their ways abjure,
With real faith His voice obey,
As heard in His commandments pure.

Take Him with all that He can bring,
None of His offices neglect,
As Prophet and as Priest and King—
To teach, to pardon, and protect.

Keep thou His life before thy face,
Let His example be thy guide,
Make use of all the means of grace
His love has for thy use supplied.

Trust only in His righteousness,
  Hope not thy worth can favour win,
Rob not His grace of full success
  By nursing any darling sin.

So, to the glory of His love,
  Thou shalt be saved from sin and shame.
Enjoy His endless bliss above,
  And sing sweet praises to His name.



The Dream.

WHEN I lay down to sleep, and when
I dreamed vain dreams like other men,
Pursuing joy from place to place,
Which still eluded my embrace,

Methought one came and thus began—
"And thinkest thou, O foolish man,
To grasp the wandering wind at will,
Or that this world thy heart can fill?

For sweet repose thou needst not try
In thing or place beneath the sky;
Thy body's rest is 'neath the sod,
Thy soul's, within the heaven of God.

When Adam ate the fatal fruit,
Sin did all earthly things pollute,
Laid on men's lives sad labour's blight,
And left this world a heart-break quite.

To bliss of soul he lost the right,
And all that Garden's fresh delight,
And now his race is woe-begone,
Like a lost lamb that strays alone,

Bleating and rushing here and there,
For aught to cure their sad despair;
This world, in which they hope to find
A foster-mother, proves unkind.

They give themselves nor peace nor rest,
And lying shadows mock their quest;
They seek to suck sweet-tasted joy
From barren breasts that but annoy.

With some sore strait thou still must cope,
And still relief will mock thy hope,
An arm's length off it always lies,
But never canst thou seize the prize.

No test or trial e'er can cure
From trusting in that lying lure;
Deceived a thousand times thereby
Thou art not now one whit more nigh.

What thou wert eager to enjoy
Has not possession made it cloy?
Hope gives more pleasure to the breast
Than does a royal crown possessed.

Just as the rose, in garden shade,
When plucked begins at once to fade,
Scarce dost thou seize the blossom gay
When bloom and perfume both decay.

None free from trouble wilt thou find
Among the millions of mankind ;
The monarch has as many sighs
As has the slave that lowest lies.

Each brand its share of smoke must bear ;
Each good must have of ill a share ;
For roses grow on thorny trees,
And honey comes from stinging bees.

If thou see one with riches great,
Judge not by that his mental state ;
The clearest well one ever sees
Has at its bottom dregs and lees,

And if thou stir, with sudden sip,
The shallow water to thy lip,
The dregs will eddy from beneath,
And fill with yellow sand thy teeth.

If high exalted rank thou see,
'Tis like a nest in lofty tree,
Disturbed by all the winds that blow,
Each storm attempts its overthrow.

He whom the world serves best has got
A crook of some kind in his lot,
Which all his striving and his skill
Can ne'er make straight, 'tis crooked still ;

Like a bent staff, ill-set in grain,
Whose gnarls and knots are stretched in vain,
For though thou shouldst its top amend
'Twill twist far worse the other end.

When manna fell from heaven of yore,
All Israel gathered less or more,
But every one's was found exact,
None had too much and no one lacked;

And such is earthly happiness,
And every joy thou canst possess;
Along with wealth and high estate
Come waste and care and sorrows great.

If thou hast gold like shells amassed,
Desire increases quite as fast;
A kingdom's weight would not avail
Against desire to turn the scale.

Fit portions are by all possessed,
And though thou thinkest more were best,
Excess of wealth in any share
Could never countervail the care.

Thy griefs from fickle fancies rise,
Which now desire and now despise;
The world itself could not content
A mind by warring passions rent.

The flesh to this alone aspires,
To gorge and glut its foul desires,
Nor would it wish a heaven more high
Than wallowing in its lusts to lie.

But though the flesh would like full well
Forever on the earth to dwell,
Thy pride would fain ascend full-blown
As high as God's eternal throne.

Wouldst thou have lasting joy restored?
Commit thy way unto the Lord,
With faith and love and chastened will,
And He will thy desires fulfil;

And every real earthly bliss
That man can have will go with this;
Health, food, and raiment will not cease,
Nor freedom, friendship, love, and peace."

Here from my slumber I awoke,
And from my wondrous dreams I broke,
No longer after shadows went,
But with my lot became content.



The Hero.

NO hero Alexander was,
Nor Cæsar, though he vanquished Rome ;
They conquered men and won applause,
But were the slaves of lusts at home.

It is not brave to wound and kill,
Nor glory frequently to fight,
Nor great to have a haughty will,
Nor valour ruthlessly to smite.

A hero he who has subdued
The dread of death, the fears of life,
And who, with manly fortitude,
Engages fate in fearless strife ;

Who will not flee in guilty fear
If conscience should begin to speak,
But will her friendly pleadings hear,
And answer her with justice meek.

A hero he who can compel
His will to reason to submit,
And wanton thoughts that might rebel
He keepeth in subjection fit.

His vile desires he will subdue,
Kept like his members dutiful;
Their lawless lust he yields not to,
For they were never born to rule.

At night, when he lays down his head,
His virtues round keep watch and ward,
Like soldiers round a monarch's bed,
From midnight foes his life to guard.

At morning, when he will arise,
His thoughts shall gather and obey
His orders, while like leader wise
He sets them all in war array,

To war against earth's griefs and cares,
The evil passions of the flesh,
Designs of death, and Devil's snares,
With which he would men's souls enmesh.

Firm as a rock, his mind defies
Both idle fears and terrors great;
His penetrating watchful eyes
See the bent hook within the bait.

To him the world displays in vain
Its glory, rank, and precious things;
His mind and heart such wealth contain
That he can pity crowned kings.

And, though the wanton spread her net,
No kindled lust his will can melt,
In vain for him her charms are set,
Her eye's dark lightnings are unfelt.

His foe shall not succeed at length
Though short-lived troubles on him seize,
A bruised spirit is his strength,
And he shall conquer on his knees.

Truth is his helmet, he shall wield
The Holy Scripture as his sword,
The grace of faith shall be his shield,
His courage shall be from the Lord.

His mind is happy and serene,
His conscience is a faithful friend,
His boundless store of wealth unseen
This world can never waste or end.

No fawning flattery will he hear,
No scandal makes his peace depart,
No evil news can make him fear,
Nor can vile slander wound his heart.

Awake, and take thine arms, my soul!
And emulate this hero true,
Thy passions conquer and control,
A kingdom in thyself subdue;

Thy mind above the heavens keep,
Earth but a wretched portion grants,
Behold the world, an earthen heap
On which men move about like ants!

With restless feet, o'er countless tracks,
Their rubbish they together draw,
Climbing across each others' backs,
Scolding for bits of sticks and straw!

When sights like these thy mind employ,
Thy thoughts assemble and control;
Wealth, peace, and happiness enjoy
In endless store within thy soul.

Winter.



THE summer is ended,
The winter approaching
As a foe has descended,
On our fields fast encroaching;
He will trample them under,
Of beauty deprive them,
With merciless plunder
He will ruthlessly rive them.

His wings, wide extended,
The sun are concealing,
The young broods undefended
He will scourge without feeling;
White feathers he snoweth,
His roar rises louder,
Hail and north wind he bloweth,
His pellets and powder.

The cold that he blows, is
The blossoms fast nipping,
From gardens the roses
His sharp lips are clipping;
Each forest and tangle,
Stripped naked, now shivers;
The streams he will strangle,
And freeze up the rivers,

Set tempests in motion
By force of his breathing;
Put yeast in the ocean,
Till its billows are seething;
Make the hills white and hoary,
With his freezing and bluster;
Give the stars a new glory,
And burnish their lustre.

Beasts and men who neglected
Their time for preparing
Are now unprotected
From tempests unsparing;
While the prudent grow greedy,
Assistance denying
To the idle and needy,
Though starving and dying.

Bees and ants that collected
The stores that are needful,
By instinct directed,
By wisdom made heedful,
Eat food and drink nectar,
With plenty and pleasing,
Brown earth their protector
From storm and from freezing.

But the flies, who so gaily,
When sunbeams were glancing,
Enjoyed themselves daily
In playing and dancing,
Alas! unprepared for
This wild wintry weather,
Now perish uncared for
In hundreds together.

But attend, my old hearer,
Death's shadow so sable
Is fast coming nearer,
That's the winter I fable.
If he makes thine acquaintance,
Finding no preparation,
No final repentance
Can prevent tribulation.

To be godly were fitting
When thy hair is fast greying,
Face wasting and pitting,
Teeth lost or decaying,
Thy baldness extending,
Eyes darkened and bleary,
Back down to earth bending,
The last bed of the weary.

The red stream much-divided
Through thy members fast flowing,
That bounded and glided,
Warm, lusty, and glowing,
Hath slowly subsided,
Since the life proud and eager
In thy blood that resided
Is so cold and so meagre.

Life's bellows blow slowly,
All wasted and sunk in
Thy side; they are wholly
Worn, shrivelled, and shrunken;
Thy body's harp, slacking
And tuning refusing,
Gives a sign of near packing,
When its chords are unloosing.

Youth's morning is ended,
Thy noon no more shineth,
Thine eve hath descended,
Thy sunset declineth;
Does the memory grieve thee
Of a life that no good did?
Arouse! lest life leave thee
From heaven excluded.

For life as one lives it
Is likely to terminate,
And the habits one gives it
Are hard to exterminate;
'Tis a truth unresisted
This proverb we state in—
"Old wood that is twisted
One seldom can straighten."

Young man, what I sing of,
Attend to it wholly;
In the young happy spring of
Thy youth, avoid folly;
Age and sickness behind thee
Are swiftly pursuing,
If one of them find thee
'Twill be thy undoing.

Old age, that fast follows,
Will mar thy condition,
Plough thy face into hollows,
And darken thy vision;
With thy hair all frost-whitened
Of death's hue 'twill make thee,
That hoar-frost, though sun-brightened,
Will never forsake thee.

Bringing ills past conception,
'Twill of reason bereave thee,
Dim thy mental perception,
Make memory leave thee,
With thy feelings all faded,
Insipid and senseless,
Till, to childhood degraded,
Thou art weak and defenceless.

Thy heart will grow rigid,
No pleading can move it,
So formal and frigid,
That nought can improve it;
As the earth when hard frozen,
Though over its face is
Much treading, still shows in
Its surface no traces.

From nature learn reason,
Fit order 'tis keeping;
Thou must dig in due season,
If thou wouldst be reaping.
Get in summer the fuel
In winter thou usest,
Want and winter are cruel
If the season thou losest.

If thou sowest no good seeds in
Youth's springtime, the Devil
Will sow his vile weeds in
Thy vain heart to revel;
Vice or virtue is growing
In the soil thou art keeping,
And as has been the sowing
So shall be thy reaping.

Are thy passions unruly,
And thy youth bad and idle?
Then thine age cannot truly
Their growing strength bridle.
Are the young shoots unbending?
Then the trees will be stronger;
Roots and boughs fast extending,
Thou canst move them no longer.

Thy life is uncertain,
Some ill will be mortal,
Then thy powers exert in
Pressing in at life's portal;
On the future relying
Brings mischief, remember,
And repentance when dying
Is to sow in November.

The sun, which unceasing
Through heaven moves brightly,
Is thy lifetime decreasing
And shortening it nightly.
The shuttle fast weaveth
Thy life's threads, preparing
Thy shroud, which it leaveth
For worms to be wearing.

If that awful condition
Should come unexpected,
'Twill open thy vision
To ills unsuspected;
Like a knife in thy heart will
Thy conscience attack thee,
And its torture and smart will
On thorny bed rack thee.

See the gay fly afflicted,
Its season gone by now,
By tempests convicted
And sentenced to die now;
And see the ant's ample
And wise preparation,
Follow thou its example
And seek thy salvation.

A Prayer.



GOD of glory, great Adored,
Above all nations mighty King;
How dare my lips unholy sing
Thy high and holy name, O Lord?

The highest angels made by Thee,
How blind their sight! Their strength how low!
How little of Thy works they know!
How short of Thine their glories be!

Seen by those purest eyes of Thine
How dim the stars of brightest sheen!
The holiest angels are unclean
Before Thy majesty divine.

But, oh! wilt Thou Thyself abase
To hear an earthly worm like me,
Beneath Thy footstool, who can see
But dim reflections of Thy face?

Lord, when I make my prayer to Thee,
When I my sins with sorrow tell,
And vileness into which I fell,
Let not Thy wrath enkindled be!

My guilt like mountains high appears,
That crush my soul beneath their weight,
It has me pierced with sorrows great,
And from mine eyes brought bitter tears.

But canst Thou save me, God of strength,
Unless Thy justice be impaired?
If by Thy grace my soul is spared,
Can any be condemned at length?

Since justice Thou canst not efface,
Must not destruction be my doom?
My guilt has left Thee little room
To show me mercy, love, or grace.

The threatenings and the curses dread
Found written in Thy Word, O Lord,
My sins deserve they should be poured
In all their terrors on my head.

Although the skies grew black with gloom,
And all Thy thunders on me fell,
And Thou shouldst cast me down to hell,
I would admit the righteous doom.

But can that flame that licks each flood
Have any power over me,
If Christ's obedience be my plea,
And I am sheltered by His blood?

That blood which, shed upon the tree,
Has Thy pure justice satisfied,
In it, O Lord, do I confide;
Oh, for its sake, deliver me!

Oh, wash me wholly, God of peace,
In healing waters from His side;
Life from His death shall these provide,
And me from filthiness release!

My faith establish in His death;
Give me new strength that so I may
His gracious holy laws obey;
Increase my love while I have breath.

Oh, if Thou plantest me in Christ,
In bloom shall burst my withered tree;
Weighed down to earth its boughs shall be
With graces as with fruits unpriced!

Whate'er my lot, whate'er befall,
Make me to be contented still,
If rich or poor, if well or ill,
And let Thy will be done in all!

What grace with God's bestowing blends!
What love He shows when He denies!
A real blessing in disguise
Is every cross and loss He sends!

Thanks to the God of grace, who gave
A Saviour such as this to me;
My ransom in His death I see,
The price he paid my soul to save.

Beneath the load He bent Him low,
To raise my soul to God on high;
Each gift He sends cost many a sigh,
'Tis purchased by a weight of woe.

Oh, grant an earnest of Thy love,
Which shall me from life's terrors save
And all the horrors of the grave,
And raise my thoughts to heaven above.

Then let the billows rise in pride,
Let thunders through the heavens roar,
Come earthquakes, plagues, and famines sore,
Dispensing death on every side;

Be Thou the God of my poor soul,
Their friendship I shall then enjoy;
No sea can drown, nor plague destroy,
Nor fire burn, but with Thy control.

While Thou hast power in Thine arm,
From every ill I am secure,
And as my God can ne'er be poor,
Want cannot cause my soul alarm.

My hopes, desires, and fears for aye
Shall in my God concentred dwell,
For heaven and earth and lowest hell
Shall my Almighty King obey.

NOTES.

The subject of the poem entitled "The Skull" was suggested to Buchanan by the sight of a human skull exposed in a graveyard in which he was attending a funeral. Shakespeare, it will be recollected, has some striking passages on the same theme in his play of "Hamlet."

"The Day of Judgment," which displays so powerfully the Celtic love of the terrible, is generally accounted Buchanan's greatest poem. Even in his childhood he was visited by awful dreams of the Judgment Day, and the Dantean pictures of the poem reflect accurately the religious opinions of his riper years, and indeed of his time and country.

"The Dream" seems in many parts to echo the style of poetic moralising prevalent among the English poets of the age immediately preceding Buchanan's. Certain lines are suggestive of Burns' "Pleasures are like poppies spread," but Buchanan was the earlier poet of the two.

In "The Hero" our Bard strove to cure his countrymen of their love for war and martial glory by holding up for their admiration the picture of the true hero. He lived in a period and a district in which the appeal to arms was highly popular, and clan feuds and battles extremely common. An illustration of the manners of the time is afforded by a statement that on one occasion he preached to two hostile tribes who lined either side of a stream while he stood on a stone in the water!

"Winter" is a subject that might be expected to impress strongly one who lived in the wild region at the foot of Schiehallion.

The "Prayer," and the stanzas on "The Greatness of God," earnest and elevated as is their tone, are the natural expression of the Poet's feelings. The entries in his Diary show that all the poems, and especially the two mentioned, embody the writer's sincere convictions and aspirations

Price, One Shilling.

ELEMENTARY

LESSONS IN GAELIC

READING, GRAMMAR, AND CONSTRUCTION,

WITH

A VOCABULARY AND KEY.

By L. MACBEAN.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

INVERNESS: JOHN NOBLE, CASTLE STREET.
EDINBURGH: MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

In the Press—to be Published in April. 120 Pages Crown 8vo.—Price 1s 6d.

GUIDE TO GAELIC CONVERSATION,

A Book of Gaelic

DIALOGUES, PHRASES, VOCABULARIES, &c.,

SHOWING

THE PRONUNCIATION;

AND CONTAINING

FORMS OF LETTERS, NOTES, BILLS, &c.;
NAMES OF PERSONS, COUNTRIES, &c.

By L. MACBEAN.

INVERNESS: JOHN NOBLE.

GAELIC SONG,

THE BOATMAN (FEAR A BHATA),

WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY L. MACBEAN.

The Inverness Collection of GAELIC SONGS (with Translations), arranged with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Pianoforte. Price, 3 - each.

LOGAN & CO., INVERNESS AND ABERDEEN.

April 1884.

LIST OF GAELIC BOOKS

And Works on the Highlands

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY

MACLACHLAN & STEWART,

BOOKSELLERS TO THE UNIVERSITY,

63 & 64 SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH.

A liberal discount allowed on orders for exportation or for private circulation.

DICTIONARIES AND GRAMMARS.

	s.	d.
M'Alpine's Gaelic and English Pronouncing Dictionary, with Grammar, 12mo, *cloth*,	9	0
... Ditto ditto, *hf.-bound calf*,	11	0
... English and Gaelic, separately, *cloth*, ...	5	0
... Gaelic and English, do. do., ...	5	0
M'Leod and Dewar's Gaelic Dictionary, *cloth*, ...	10	6
Macbean's Lessons in Gaelic, ...	1	0
Mackay's Gaelic Etymology of the English Language, royal 8vo, ...	42	0
MacPherson's Practical Lessons in Gaelic for the use of English-speaking students, ...	1	0
Munro's Gaelic Primer and Vocabulary, 12mo,	1	0
Reading Book for the Use of Students of the Gaelic Class, ...	3	6
Stewart's Elements of Gaelic Grammar, *cloth*,	3	6
Gaelic First Book, 18mo, 2d.; Second do., ...	0	4
Gaelic Third and Fourth Book, ... *each*	0	6

Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted, ...	1	6
An T-Oranaiche, by Sinclair, 8vo, *cloth*,... ...	10	6
Assurance of Salvation, 18mo, *sewed*, ...	0	6
Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, 18mo, *cloth*, ...	1	6
... Saint's Rest, translated by Rev. J. Forbes,	2	6
Beith's Catechism on Baptism, 18mo, *sewed*, ...	0	1
Beuton, S. Dioghlumean, 'S Na H-Achaibh, ...	1	6
Bible in Gaelic, 8vo, *strongly bound in leather*, ...	5	0
Bonar's (Rev. Dr H.) Christ is All, 18mo, *sewed*,	0	3
... God's Way of Peace, *cloth*,...	1	0
Buchan's Apples of Gold, 18mo, *sewed*, ...	0	3
Buchannan (Dugald) of Rannoch's Life and Conversion, with his Hymns, 18mo, *cloth*,	2	0
... The Hymns, separately, 18mo, *sewed*, ...	0	3
Bunyan's Come and Welcome, 18mo, *cloth*, ...	2	0
... World to Come, or Visions from Hell, *cl.*,	1	6

	s.	*d.*
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress (*three parts*), *cloth*,	2	6
... Grace Abounding, 18mo, *cloth*, ...	2	0
... Water of Life, *cloth*, ...	1	0
... Sighs from Hell, 18mo, *cloth*, ...	2	0
... Heavenly Footman, 18mo, *cloth*, ...	1	0
Burder's Village Sermons, 18mo, *cloth*, ...	1	6
Campbell's (Ledaig) Poems and Songs, ...	2	6
Catechism, Shorter, 1d. Gaelic and English,	0	2
Celtic Lyre, a collection of Gaelic Songs, with English translations, music in both notations, Parts I. and II., ... *each*	0	6
Celtic Magazine, Monthly, ...	0	6
Clark's (Mrs) Three Gaelic Poems, with English translation by Kennedy, ...	0	6
Clarsach Na Coille; a Collection of Gaelic Poetry, by Rev. A. M'Lean Sinclair, ...	3	6
Confession of Faith, fcap. 8vo, *cloth*, ...	2	6
Dewar's (Rev. Dr) Gaelic Sermons, 8vo, ...	0	4
Doctrine and Manner of the Church of Rome, ...	0	3
Doddridge's Rise and Progress, 12mo, *cloth*, ...	3	0
Dyer's Christ's Famous Titles, 18mo, *cloth*, ...	2	6
Earle's Sacramental Exercises, 18mo, *cloth*, ...	1	6
Edwards' (Rev. Jonathan) Sermon, *sewed*, ...	0	2
Gael (The), a Gaelic Magazine, bound in cloth, for 1876 and 1877, in English and Gaelic, *each*	3	6
Gaelic Song Book, the Highland Minstrel, ...	1	0
Grant's (Rev. Peter) Hymns, 18mo, *cloth*, ...	1	6
Guthrie's Christian's Great Interest, 18mo, *cloth*,	2	0
Hall's (Newman) Come to Jesus, ...	0	6
Harp of Caledonia, Gaelic Songs, 32mo, *sewed*,	0	4
Haughton's "A Saviour for You,"	0	2
History of Prince Charles, and Jacobite Songs,	3	0
James, Anxious Inquirer, ...	1	0
Job to Ecclesiastes, 12mo, *bound*, ...	0	6
Joseph, Life of, by Macfarlane, 18mo, *cloth*, ...	1	6
Laoidhean Eadar-Theangaichte o'n Bheurla, *cloth*,	0	6
Lessons on the Shorter Catechism and the Holy Scriptures, by Forbes, 18mo, ...	0	4
Livingston's Gaelic Poems, *cloth*, ...	2	6
M'Callum's History of the Church of Christ, 8vo,	4	0
Maccallum's Sop as Gach Seid, 18mo, *sewed*, ...	0	3
Macdonald's (Mac Mhaistir Alistir) Gaelic Songs,	2	0
Macdonald's (Rev. Dr) Waters of Jordan, 18mo,	0	2
M'Innes (Rev. D.) Conversations in Gaelic and English, with preface by Professor Blackie,	1	0
M'Intyre's (Duncan Ban) Poems and Songs, with an English Translation of "Coire Cheathaich" and "Ben Dorain," 18mo, ...	2	0

	s.	*d.*
Mackay's (Rob Donn) Songs and Poems, 18mo,	2	6
Mackenzie's (A.) History of Scotland, Eachdraidh na H-Alba, 12mo, *cloth*, ...	3	6
Mackenzie's (J.) Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, *large paper edition*, royal 8vo, ...	21	0
Mackellar's (Mrs) Gaelic and English Poems, ...	3	6
... Tourists' Hand-Book of Gaelic and English Phrases, with Pronunciation, ...	0	6
Macleod, Rev. Dr, Sermon on the Life of the late, by Rev. John Darroch, 8vo, *sewed*, ...	0	6
Macleod, Rev. Norman, Caraid nan Gaidheal, 8vo, *half-bound calf*, ...	18	0
Macleod's (Neil), Clarsach an Doire, Gaelic Poems and Songs, ...	3	6
MacLean and Macgregor's Gaelic Hymns, 18mo,	2	0
Macneill's Neniae, and other Poems, *cloth*, ...	2	0
Macpherson's "An Duanaire," a New Collection of Songs, &c., *never before published, cloth*,	2	0
Menzies' Collection of Gaelic Songs, ...	3	6
Mountain Songster, Collection of Original and Selected Gaelic Songs, ...	0	6
Muir's Sermon "Cumail Gu Daingean samhladh Bhriathar Fallain, translation by Rev. A. Macintyre, ...	0	2
Munro's Selection of Gaelic Songs, 32mo, ...	0	4
... Am Filidh, Gaelic Songs, with Music, ...	1	0
Nicolson's (Sheriff) Collection of Gaelic Proverbs, with English Translation, cr. 8vo, 2*nd edition*,	6	0
... The same, large paper, 4to, ...	21	0
Ossian's Poems, revised by Dr M'Lauchlan, *cloth*,	3	0
Ossian's Lyre (Clarsach Oisein), *old and new notations*, Nos. 2 and 3, ... per doz.	1	6
Philipps' Seven Common Faults, translated by Rev. H. Maccoll, 12mo, ...	1	0
Proverbs of Solomon, 8vo, *sewed*, ...	0	2
Psalm Book, Smith's or Ross's, large type, 18mo,	2	0
Psalm Book, Gaelic and English, on one page, ...	1	6
Queen (H. M.) Our Journal in the Highlands, Illustrated, translated into Gaelic by Rev. I. P. St Clair, ...	3	6
Ross's (William) Gaelic Songs, 18mo, *cloth*, ...	1	6
Sankey's Hymns for Times of Blessing, translated by Rev. A. MacRae. ...	0	1
Sinner's (The) Friend, 12mo, *sewed*, ...	0	3
Smith's (Rev. Dr J.) Sean Dana, with English Translation and Notes, by C. S. Jerram, ...	2	6
... Gaelic Prayers for Families, 12mo, *sewed*,	1	0
... The same, *cloth boards*, ...	1	6

	s.	d.
Sum of Saving Knowledge, 12mo, *sewed*, ...	0	4
Thomson's (Dr) Sacramental Catechism, *sewed*,	0	2

ENGLISH WORKS RELATING TO THE HIGHLANDS.

Antient Erse Poems Collected among the Scottish Highlands, in order to Illustrate the OSSIAN of Mr Macpherson, 8vo, *sewed*, ...	1	0
Athole Collection of Dance Music, ...	42	0
Blackie's (Prof.) Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands, 8vo, *cloth*, ...	6	0
Brown's History of the Scottish Highlands, Highland Clans, and Regiments, with Portraits and Tartans, by Keltie, 2 vols., 56s. for	40	0
Cameron's Gaelic Names of Plants, ...	7	6
Gregory's History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland, 8vo, *cloth*, ...	12	0
Killin's Collection of Gaelic Songs, ...	10	0
Lauder (Sir J. Dick) Highland Legends, *cloth*,	6	0
... Tales of the Highlands, *cloth*, ...	6	0
Logan's The Scottish Gael, or Celtic Manners of the Highlanders, 2 vols., *plates*, 28s. for	15	0
MacColl's (Evan) Poems and Songs, ...	5	0
Macgregor's Life of Flora Macdonald and her adventures with Prince Charles, *cloth*, ...	3	6
M'Intyre (Rev. D.) on the Antiquity of the Gaelic Language, 8vo, *sewed*,...	1	6
Mackenzie's Tales and Legends of the Highlands,	2	6
... History of the Mackenzies, ...	25	0
... History of the Macdonalds, 8vo, *cloth*, ...	25	0
... History of the Mathesons, 8vo, *cloth*, ...	10	6
... Prophecies of the Brahan Seer, ...	2	6
... History of the Highland Clearances, ...	7	6
... The Isle of Sky in 1882–3,...	3	6
Maclagan's Scottish Myths, Notes on Scottish History and Tradition, 8vo, *cloth*, ...	7	6
M'Lauchlan's (Rev. Dr) Celtic Gleanings, or Notices of the History and Literature of the Scottish Gael, fcap. 8vo, *cloth*, ...	2	6
M'Naughton (Peter) on the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, 8vo, *sewed*, ...	0	6
Masson's Vestigia Celtica: Celtic Footprints in Philology, Ethics, and Religion, cr. 8vo, *sewed*,	2	0

BIBLES, TESTAMENTS, AND PSALM BOOKS,

AT VARIOUS PRICES AND BINDINGS.

64 South Bridge, Edinburgh.